

THE GRASS BLADE.

OF GOOD MORALS.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, E. M. 305

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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NATURAL ENEMIES

ARE PLEASURE AND PIETY
THE CLERGY ALWAYS ARRAYED
AGAINST POPULAR AMUSEMENTS

There was a time in the history of this country when the clergy ruled both state and society with an almost merciless despotism. Their power extended from the laughter of a child to the swearing into office of the governor of a colony. Along with education, taxation, official selection, compulsory worship and Sabbath observance, every game, recreation, and even the style of apparel and dressing of the hair were prescribed by them. If a man observed anything in nature which would provide him with a smile on the Sabbath, or if he should be tempted to kiss his wife on that holy day, the view of clerical wrath were emptied upon him.

Women were not allowed to make a noise in church as big as the squeak of a mouse. Then, as now, the only church offices to which they were eligible were scrubbers, beggars and waiters on the table at a church festival.

Children who look to the right or to the left of the path which led to Sunday School, and gave joyous expression at the sight of a bright-winged bird, or the frolics of a squirrel, had hearts as black as that which hovers over the tops of the Stags fell up on the hearts of men and women and pious austerity plain as the sun in the sky.

The boys of the town, playing with their bows, and chasing all these pleasures have been gradually pushed aside, in proportion as the clergy have receded from power, and innocent games and sports congenial to the hearts of child and man have taken their place.

But we can not help but reflect upon what would be the present social condition throughout the whole world, if the clergy reigned supreme, now as then. Would not the same unchecked religious zeal and governments. Between an arctic sanctity and tropical doom, all joy and gladness were driven from the human heart.

It is within the memory of most of us when music and the drama were the chief instruments with which the devil ensnared the souls of men. If the clergy could have had their own way the world would have had no Mozart, no Beethoven, no Verdi, no Wagner, no Strauss—nothing in the line of music but psalm singing, psalms and funeral marches. We would have had no Shakespeare, Sheridan, Booth and Jefferson, but instead the Knox, Wesleys, Edwards and Talmages would furnish alone our public entertainments.

Fiction was the next in line with pure hellishness. The world would have had no Scotts, Bulwers, Eliots, Hugos, Irvings, Hawthornes and Tolstoes. Romance and imagination would have been choked with the thought of the smoke of the fire that is never quenched. But the effect of the growth of liberal thought is well indicated in the fact that ministers themselves naturally reject. Rev. Charles Goss and Rev. John Watson, are now producing works of fiction. The preachers to-day commit the damnable sin of yesterday. Dances were equally as monstrous as music, in fact its twin devil. The supple grace, the exquisite ease, the poetry of motion which the human body is capable were wholly lustful in the minds of the clergy, who somehow more than other people possess a superior instinct in detecting lust. All books and histories not of a religious character would have been suppressed. The nude art would never have been pictured.

Mirth was corrupting and sacrilegious. Why should a man laugh when in each minute of his fleeting existence his soul is in danger of being plunged a million feet deep into the white heated furnace of eternal hell? Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Mark Twain and the many bright beings who have made sorrowing humanity forget for a few moments its cankered griefs and tollsome cares would have been compelled to wear a Jonathan Edwards countenance and their infectious mirth be turned to grievous gloom and acrid sanctity. All humor was utterly dispicable, detracting the mind from the holy contemplation necessary for the salvation of the soul. To be natural here was to forego all hopes of supernatural happiness hereafter. To relax from solemnity was to recede to the devil. The poems as Bobby Burns and Eugene Field would have been blotted from the human memory, for their impious insolence in daring to write such verses as "Willie braved a peck of malt," and "The clink of the ice in the pitcher."

The marvelous power, speed, spirit and endurance of that wonderful animal, the horse, would never have been developed. His highest service would have ended in carrying salutes to church at a gallop not exceeding a common walk. Women would never have been permitted to dress in colors brighter than the somber gloom of a person's face. Notwithstanding this God had dressed this earth in myriad hues of blended light, and canopied it with a blue mantle, fringed with purple dawns and amethyst sunsets, yet none of all this bewildering array of shimmering colors and dreamy tints was ever intended to decorate his master's design. Had the clergy their own way, the world would not have been hunted over for drab gray, but to beauty and which is the only thing diametrically opposite to the

horrible, is classed with spirituality and reverence, and pointed to with a pious braggadocio showing the physical endurance the Christian may be capable of. Carefully guarding their own bodily comfort, the clergy have even pointed the rest of humanity to the examples of the saints until gradually mankind grew to believe that pure religion and undelivered depended wholly upon contempt of the physical and repose of bodily chastisement.

The world has outgrown this idea, just as it has always outgrown the clergy. It knows better. Consistency should be a jewel especially to those who set themselves up as standards and teachers of the world. The clergy have the same right of protest in this country as accorded to all other classes of citizens. Much of their work is practically and consistently and much is inconsistent with the harmony with existing conditions. They are generally good citizens, but as a class, are not above the average, as a criminal statistic will show. The majority of them are narrow-mindedness of puritanism, and their power is always retrograde. They exhibit this narrow-mindedness and inconsistency in rising en masse to oppose a glove contest or the Sunday opening of an agriculture fair, while the world is being drenched in the blood of struggling patriots, and of defenseless, unarmed, half-civilized men, women and babes, and not a single organized protest do they make.

Barbarities and cruelties, savage, horrible and monstrous, have been committed in the name of Christian civilization within the last few years, and what regard was given them by the clergy? What mention was even made of these national crimes?

Christian soldiers have impaled their bodies on their bayonets, tossed them into the air to be caught upon other bayonets held in Christian hands. Defenseless human beings, men, women and children have been slaughtered and pitched into Chinese rivers in such numbers that their swollen corpses have impeded the passage of large steamers. Philippine villages have been burned to the ground and children and the aged and sick cremated by the hundreds.

With such barbarities as these facing them, the clergy have not opposed the Christian clergy fast time to oppose a glove contest or Sunday opening?

Have the clergy of this city at any time held a mass meeting to protest against these monstrous outrages? Have they ever taken the Mayor and our political leaders and congressmen and senators to join them in protest? All the world against these civilized barbarities? Right in our own country human beings are being burned at the stake for crimes of unprovoked passion, due largely to bad breeding, bad environments and lack of educational advantages. Some of these burnings take place on the nature of the victim, the brutality of the lawlessness of his torturers. Have the clergy at any time risen en masse and protested against this disgraceful crime?

Knowing all this, how can their present activity in opposing the opening of the state fairs on Sunday be regarded other than a pious ponce, one of those irritating inconsistencies of small dimensions with which they periodically pester the legislative branch?

The size of the edition will be announced later in the Blade.

Josephine K. Henry is writing a pamphlet on "Marriage and Divorce" and it will soon be ready for press. It will be an up-to-date treatise of such question that is claiming so much attention from Church, State, and the people. The demand for this pamphlet is so great that it is being printed in two editions of 1000 copies each. The price of this pamphlet will be announced later in the Blade.

Josephine K. Henry's pamphlet, "Woman and the Bible" is meeting with warm commendation. It is now circulating in all sections of the United States, and orders for it have been received from England, Scotland, Germany and Sweden. As the edition is being rapidly exhausted persons desiring copies of this pamphlet should apply to Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Kentucky, and they will be sent as soon as the edition lasts.

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A CANADIAN CHRISTIAN WHO WISHES TO BE IN HELL

Some one has sent me a copy of the Blade of September 3, in a wrapper having on it a Canadian stamp.

The paper has no address on it and some one has probably sent some man one knowing the man to be a religious fanatic.

The way the Canada men has expressed his appreciation of the Blade is interesting.

My picture up in the northeast corner he has blackened all over with ink, I suppose that I am blacker even than commonly painted, and where it reads "Charles C. Moore, Editor," he has erased the word editor and substituted "Thief."

Then on the margin opposite my picture he has written, "If you kept your sinful countenance out of this paper, would take a little worse."

Sin and damnation is (his grammar-editor) in your deceitful countenance, you old hypocrite! Remember the Devil knows his own.

Along the bottom of the first page is written "God is love! He forgiveth sin, so provide for his glorious kingdom and make an honest living and Christ will forgive you."

Up at the top he has changed my headline so as to make it read, "Edited by a heathen, in the interest of the Devil."

Along the top margin and down the right side he has written, "You will be in hell yet, and your dirty paper will help to burn your already damned soul."

You are a walking Devil, roaming among men, robbing them of their religion to fill your pockets with your dirty, low, mean paper, but remember there is a day when you will stand before the throne which you are condemning. But, alas, it will be too late. The Devil shall call you into his fire, and put your paper under you to burn you corrupt soul.

You are a thief in the sight of God, and the Devil upon earth. The Blade is in need of Christ."

Over the first page he has poured ink and snored it over, and on the second and third pages he has marked out nearly everything with his pen, and then poured ink on it and folded it together, so as to make a magnificent blot of it. The writing and spelling are good, but he does not know punctuation and capitalization.

It is right discouraging and disgusting to think that in this enlightened age and in such a country as Canada, any man who could read and write, would be so ignorant and bigoted and full of religious hate, but his performance amused me.

Do you suppose that man really thinks there are any such things as hell and the Devil and God, or is it just because his whole heart and brain are filled with religious hate and he is just trying to scare me by telling me about such things?

It could seem that common sense would suggest to him that I would not be afraid of the things with which he threatens me, but it is common with priests and preachers, one of whom I suppose this man is, to realize that they know an argument for their religion, and as they make their money out of it, all they care for is to abuse and threaten those who do not believe as they do, and pretend to believe.

I suppose if that man had the power, he would burn me at the stake, as the Christians tried to do Indians when the Christians had the power.

They are no better now than they were then and they do not hang and burn Indians now as they did then, simply because infidelity has robbed them of the power to do so, and left them so that they cannot do any worse than use ugly, vile language and send it through the mails and escape punishment for libel by concealing their names.

It shows that people ought to appreciate the work that infidelity has done more highly than they do. There would be no such thing as liberty in this country if infidelity had not destroyed the power of Christianity.

It shows that infidelity is much more consistent in being a Christian than as a citizen of the United States could be. The New Testament says "Honor the King," and the postage stamp on the wrapper has on it a picture of that old rake and libertine, King Edward VIII. But how can a citizen of the United States be a Christian and plainly and squarely refuse to honor any king, as every citizen of any democratic government must refuse to do?

If Edward was one of the best men in the world no citizen of the United States could consistently honor him, but the Christian religion plainly requires that all men should honor the king, though as in the case of Edward he is a gambler and a rake who drove his wife from home by his indecency with bad women.

We cannot do anything with men like this one who sends the disgraced Blade to me. They are incapable of reasoning, and all that we can do to reform and save such people is to be good people ourselves, and set them good examples both in our practice and in our precept.

MRS MARILLA M. RICKER,

Writes About Elbert Hubbard and ingersoll.

Dover, New Hampshire, Sep. 22, 1908.

Charles C. Moore.

Mr. Editor—I feel to say why a good broad-minded freethinker should like to gossip. Also fail to see why one man should "roast" another man whom he knows nothing, and especially one who is doing excellent work, and making it possible for the Jews, people in the vicinity to acquire good trades in various branches of industry, by a very small outlay, but almost say without money and without price.

It seems to me better to take people as we find them, paying no attention to the tails and judgments of the United States. I learned long ago not to go behind the returning boards of my friends. We celebrated Ingersoll's birthday here, the 13th of August. L. K. Washburn was here and was the star speaker. I never heard him speak better.

We had a fair audience and a good one. I want to say now that Ingersoll's mother presented to Congress the first petition ever sent to that body, asking for the abolishment of chattel slavery. It was from his mother that Ingersoll inherited his love of freedom. Ingersoll's father was a clergyman. He was more famous as a father than as a preacher; which candid than he. He hated falsehood; he was a man of his word. Not one of his sermons can be found today, but the words of his famous son have been heard and read by millions.

The Ingersoll of Puritan days was a woman.

Anna Hutchinson defied the narrowness, the intolerance and savagery of Puritanism and was banished from the Massachusetts Colony. The Declaration of Independence ended the reign of Jehovah in our land. A new intellectual, as well as a new political world was opened to mankind. The flag of freedom protected the day, as well as the homes of men.

Ingersoll the world reached for grandest height, and from his words, full life came. A new political civilization that man is the holiest thing that man knows anything about, and those things above sacred, that add to man's comfort and happiness.

No man ever lived who was more candid than he. He hated falsehood; he loathed and despised hypocrisy, with every fiber of his nature, and he detested sham and pretense. He kept his mind open to the sun and he stood in the light. He respected the children of his brain and he spoke his thoughts without fear.

He was the ideal of every man and woman who loved liberty.

He was supreme philosopher of common sense. He could hit a dogma with a shaft of wit and make an orthodox deacon laugh at his own faith and superstition.

Ingersoll was the truest American that America ever bore. He was the orator of her rivers and mountains, of her hills and dales, of her forests and flowers, of her struggles and victories, of her free institutions, of her straits and stripes; the orator of the home and love and liberty.

He was the liberator of the human race from intellectual thralldom and to celebrate his birthday in celebrating truth, honoring science and paying tribute to liberty.—MARILLA M. RICKER.

CHEERING WORDS.

My wife went one day to the great Lexington fair. She was introduced to a Mrs. Hostetter.

Mrs. H. said, "If you are Charles Moore's wife, I want to shake hands with you. If there is any man in the world that has a brighter and more honest husband, I envy the wife of Charles Moore than anything he reads, and if it does not get to him in time he comes to Lexington to see about it."

Charles C. Moore
Editor



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Tickets permit of STOP-OVERS go-
ing and returning, and are good twenty-
one days from date of sale.

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for our paper "The Coming Country."
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General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
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On the first and third Tuesdays of
October, November and December, you
can purchase tickets Southwest,
via M. K. and T. Railway at
LESS THAN ONE FARE RATES.
This gives you an excellent oppor-
tunity of seeing this land of prosper-
ity for yourself. Tickets permit of
stop-overs going and returning, and
are good twenty-one days from date
of sale.

Write now for particulars and be
sure and get a copy of my paper "The
Coming Country."
S. G. LANGSTON,
General Immigration Agent
St. Louis.

Yes, Ida Tarbell and McClure are intellectual prostitutes who are making money by pondering to the poor man's envy and jealousy of the rich one. The Socialist descants upon the "riches of

and business is that the Lord his life, which blow if he was Dutch, Yankee, or his dead to them all. In the Med- called in a cir- in diameter, and calculating eddie.

How, then, to send a wind to ship that said of sailing unless he is going to send a cyclone?

I don't believe much in prayer but I didn't have gall enough to pray for a cyclone when we were going in among some of those rocky islands along in the Egean Sea, where Venice was born, and around Joppa, where Jonah and the whale had that scrap, and around Corsica and Elba, where old Bonny—not Leo XIII—was born, and where they had him "in hoc," and up there in the Hellespont where Leander and Hyron went in swimming and both lied about it. See "Dog Fennel in the Orient."

JUST A PLAIN LIE.

Some one has sent me a copy of the "Juvenile Instructor," a Mormon Magazine. In it, under the head "Mysterious Ways" a man writes a piece and signs it "C. K. H.". In that piece occurs the following:

"I prayed as earnestly to God as any of His children have ever prayed to manifest to me some sign that I could misunderstand that this was His work and not a delusion. As soon as I had offered up my prayer the heavens opened right where my eyes were centered, and a large ball of fire came down blinding to the window where I stood. At that moment all doubt and uncertainty left me, and from that time to the present I have never doubted any of the principles of the Gospel."

The unknown party who sent me the magazine marked that passage and asks "Is this man a lunatic or just a plain fool?"

My answer is as follows: He is neither a lunatic nor a plain fool; he is just a plain liar.

that some other... I am... that that it is not as much larger than some others as the difference in the prices would warrant us in expecting.

Mr. Hughes has arranged it by the postal card system, that \$2.50 can be paid for a club of five in the easiest possible way, and I want to print in the Blade one thousand letters on this subject.

As I do but a small part of the writing of this paper and do not receive a cent of the money that is sent to it, and am so embarrassed financially, my time being for sale, that I cannot further assist the Blade myself, I do not see anything cheeky or unreasonable in my asking that the Blade have a larger circulation than any other freetought publication in America, and if I am wrong in thinking this, just write me a letter and say so, and call me down, giving your full address and I will print it.

Everybody can see that now the greatest misfortune about the Blade is that its teachings are not, every week, sent to many thousands of people more than now read them, and this would be the case if the friends of the Blade would be even approximately as generous with it as the friends of other infidel papers are with their favorites.

All the other infidel publications are constantly having money given them, in some instances thousands of dollars, and some of them publish regularly, every month, the money that is given them for "sustaining funds;" that is money that is given them to assist in their publications.

Of course anybody has a right to give straight out to Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Hughes has the right to receive such donations and I would rather that people would give him money than not to do anything to help the paper, my decided preference is that for every single dollar sent him he shall be required to send the paper for a year to somebody, or that for every sum of \$250 he shall be required to send five papers to somebody. I hope that from everywhere, North, South, East, West, from men and women, from rich and poor, old and young, I will receive letters upon this subject.

If you can give, or in any other way help to increase the circulation of the Blade do all that you can and say so, and if you cannot do anything say so, and your letters will be printed just alike, but condensed in cases where they seem unnecessarily long.

Please remember now that the great thing before the readers of the Blade, and the thing that will be given prominence over all others, is letters to be written to it, on this subject, and I would suggest as a general head the question "Shall we help the Blade?"

Please do not wait a single day to write on this head, but write your letter now: I want to fill the Blade with letters on that subject. Mr. Hughes will prepare a big heading: "Shall we help the Blade?" to appear on its first page. Let us hear from you.

972

IS THE NUMBER OF COPIES OF "DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT" SUBSCRIBED FOR TO THIS DATE

Send in your order for Dog Fennel in the Orient and help swell the list to two thousand copies by August 1st.

August 1935
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 considered with fairness, and any one
 should be permitted to contribute
 short articles. Special sessions might
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 tions which are practically ignored
 by the International Sunday school
 list. Now I offer this as a suggestion
 for the consideration and comment of
 all. We must try to interest the
 young people. It is a subject which
 appears to me to be not only a practical
 one but an immediate necessity.
 Let us hear from others.

WHERE CAIN FOUND HIS WIFE

Biblical Proof that Adam Was Not
 the First Man—Curious Ancient
 Races of Mes.

The following article was handed
 by a friend of The Sentinel with a re-
 quest to publish. It is curious and
 interesting, to say the least, and the
 name attached to it assures us that it
 is not heretical, although it may be
 higher-critical. Accompanying the re-
 quest was the following array of poeti-
 cal interrogation points.—Editor.

Who was Cain's wife?
 Where did he get her?
 Who was her brother?
 Had she a mother?
 Was she pre-Adamic?
 Born before history?
 Maid of Phoenicia,
 Egypt, Arabia, Africa, India,
 Or sun-kissed Nubia?
 Who was her father?
 Was he a Viking?
 Cruising about just to his liking?
 Out of the whences?
 Over the water,
 Into the where,
 Bringing his daughter,
 Native of Norway,
 Denmark or Sweden,
 Lured by the charms
 Of the garden of Eden?
 Blonde or brunette was she?
 Rounded or slender?
 Fiery or frigid?
 Hasty or tender?
 Why are her graces
 Unknown to fame?
 Where did Cain meet her?
 What was her name?
 Say can it be
 That the lady we seek
 Was R. Haggar's She?
 Tell me, ye sages
 Students of Life
 Answer my query—
 Who was Cain's wife?

That Adam was not the first man
 is evidenced from science, history and
 scripture. Intelligent readers have a
 general knowledge of the first and
 second, but of the third evidence
 they are too often wholly ignorant.
 Many, therefore, will be glad to learn
 that there is strong scriptural evi-
 dence for the existence of man prior
 to the creation of Adam.
 At the expulsion of Cain from Eden
 we read that he "pined with Jehovah,"
 thus: "Everyone that findeth me

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 should be permitted to contribute
 short articles. Special sessions might
 be given to the consideration of ques-
 tions which are practically ignored
 by the International Sunday school
 list. Now I offer this as a suggestion
 for the consideration and comment of
 all. We must try to interest the
 young people. It is a subject which
 appears to me to be not only a practical
 one but an immediate necessity.
 Let us hear from others.

Where Cain found his wife
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 one but an immediate necessity.
 Let us hear from others.

Who was Cain's wife?
 Where did he get her?
 Who was her brother?
 Had she a mother?
 Was she pre-Adamic?
 Born before history?
 Maid of Phoenicia,
 Egypt, Arabia, Africa, India,
 Or sun-kissed Nubia?
 Who was her father?
 Was he a Viking?
 Cruising about just to his liking?
 Out of the whences?
 Over the water,
 Into the where,
 Bringing his daughter,
 Native of Norway,
 Denmark or Sweden,
 Lured by the charms
 Of the garden of Eden?
 Blonde or brunette was she?
 Rounded or slender?
 Fiery or frigid?
 Hasty or tender?
 Why are her graces
 Unknown to fame?
 Where did Cain meet her?
 What was her name?
 Say can it be
 That the lady we seek
 Was R. Haggar's She?
 Tell me, ye sages
 Students of Life
 Answer my query—
 Who was Cain's wife?

That Adam was not the first man
 is evidenced from science, history and
 scripture. Intelligent readers have a
 general knowledge of the first and
 second, but of the third evidence
 they are too often wholly ignorant.
 Many, therefore, will be glad to learn
 that there is strong scriptural evi-
 dence for the existence of man prior
 to the creation of Adam.
 At the expulsion of Cain from Eden
 we read that he "pined with Jehovah,"
 thus: "Everyone that findeth me

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 interested, to be taken up and
 considered with fairness, and any one
 should be permitted to contribute
 short articles. Special sessions might
 be given to the consideration of ques-
 tions which are practically ignored
 by the International Sunday school
 list. Now I offer this as a suggestion
 for the consideration and comment of
 all. We must try to interest the
 young people. It is a subject which
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 Let us hear from others.

Where Cain found his wife
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